LETTERS

BETWEEN

TWO LOVERS

AND

THEIR FRIENDS.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF LETTERS

Suppoſed to have been written by YORICK and ELIZA.

Un Amour vrai, ſans feinte & ſans caprice,
Eſt, en effet, le plus grand frein du vice ;——
Dans ſes liens qui ſcait ſe retenir,
Eſt honnête homme, ou va le devenir.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

D U B L I N,

PRINTED BY *BRETT SMITH,*

FOR MESSRS. PRICE, SLEATOR, SHEPPARD, E. CROSS, JENKIN, BURNET, MONCRIEFFE, WALKER, WHITE, BEATTY, BURTON, BYRNE, and EXSHAW.

M DCC LXXXI.

LETTERS. &c.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Chelſea.

My dear Maria.

GAY and giddy as I am, I begin now to feel that life muſt have its ſorrows; and I conſider it as doubly unfortunate, that the firſt ſhaft ſhould come, though innocently, from you. You will think me romantic, and perhaps with juſtice, when I tell you, that ſo much did I long to engage in an epiſtolary correſpondence, that it ſeemed to make amends for my parting with you. Oh, thought I, what a pleaſure it will be to write every ſecret of my heart to my friend; and what a delightful expectation to watch the coming of the poſtman, who is to bring a like return from her. But,

But, alas! I am now convinced that I could tell you every-thing much better than I can write it, and that the poſtman frequently brings diſappointment along with him. I had alſo I believe, a little ſecret vanity in imagining that I ſhould turn out an excellent letter-writer, and I wiſhed for an oportunity of exerting my epiſtolary talents. Theſe reflections, which uſed to play upon my fancy, enabled me to keep up my ſpirits at your departure; and to embrace you without that pang which I ought to have felt, when you were getting into the coach to leave us: nay, ſuch was my inſenſibility, that I thought the machine did not move with ſufficient rapidity; and every moment ſeemed an hour till I received a letter from you, which, for I reckon my aunt Rebecca's as nothing, was the firſt of my life.

When this event arrived, my impatience in opening the letter occaſioned my tearing it in ſuch a manner, that I was obliged to hold it with great care and ſteadineſs to be able to read it. As I could not wait for the ſervant to open the door to the poſtman, I flew to it to myſelf; and being too eager to retire into the parlour with my treaſure, I broke, or rather, as I have already told you, tore it open in the veſtibule; and juſt as I had devoured the firſt line of it, a guſt of wind bore it rapidly from my hand into the garden. In its flight it was divided into three pieces, and I grew almoſt diſtract-

ed:

ed: at length, they were collected together; and this letter, ſo eagerly expected, as the ſource of ſo much joy, made me burſt into tears. I inſtantly felt that loſs of a friend, who had ſuch an affection for me as you expreſſed, was a very great one. While you deſcribe your own feelings and ſituation, you give an exact repreſentation of mine; and when I read of the tears which bedewed your cheeks at ſeparating, I am ſuddenly prevented from reading any further by my own.

This is an exact and true ſtate of the caſe, and of my feelings at this moment, when I am at my writing-table, a moſt melancholy figure——for there is a glaſs before me which I have not the courage to remove——to tell you how much I love you, how ſincerely I regret your abſence, how much I wiſh for your happineſs and with what real affection.

I am, yours, &c.

Caroline Barker.

To Miſs Barker.

Bath——

My dear Caroline,

WE have been here near a week, and I received your letter yeſterday, which

which, at once, charmed and affected me. Though I was rather hurt at the gaiety with which you had always treated our removal from your neighbourhood, I had never placed it to the account of inſenſibility, but to that careleſs eaſe of mind which ſorrow had not dared to approach, and that ſeemed to defy the threats of trouble. I moſt ſincerely wiſh that every enemy to human repoſe may long preſerve their diſtance, and that your ſmiles and innocence may guard you from every attempt to wound and diſturb your peace.

I am, my friend, in a new world: new objects ſurround me, and I cannot open my eyes, but ſomething, of a different appearance from any thing I have ſeen before, ſalutes them. Hills ariſe above hills, and the whole town is encircled by them. I believe that *Harrow*, which we uſed to look at with wonder in our walks at Chelſea, would now appear to me as a mole-hill. Whether theſe objects are beautiful or no I cannot tell; at preſent they only ſurpriſe; a little more familiarity muſt determine whether they will afford pleaſure.

Bath itſelf is elegant beyond my power to deſcribe. It is built entirely of ſtone, and the new part of it exceeds even what London, or perhaps any city in Europe, can boaſt. The Square, the Cricus, the Creſcent, the Parades, and the adjacent ſtreets, are in a fine ſtile of architecture.

The

The aſſembly-rooms are magnificent, and all the means of pleaſure commodious beyond expreſſion. Indeed, it ſeems to be the ſeat of Pleaſure; and, if ever there was a temple erected to that favourite divinity, it is here. The goddeſs of Health has opened her ſprings alſo, to which numbers of the afflicted reſort and find her.

I am not qualified to enter into a particular detail, nor have I time to do it. I have, therefore, ſent you a little book which deſcribes every thing Bath contains, and will ſerve as a dictionary to explain my future letters whenever they mention any local circumſtance which is not intelligible to you. But after all, wherefore is it, and and how am I made, that this gay, brilliant ſcene of pleaſure, with the novelty and grandeur of objects around me, ſhould not be able to check my regret for the gardens of Chelſea, and the banks of the Thames? Here is, alſo, a river; but a more dull and inanimate ſtream never flowed along: it alſo bears the poetical name of Avon, but is very different, as I am told, from that on whoſe banks Shakeſpeare was born and died.

We are not yet ſettled, but are looking after an houſe in a retired part of the town. My Mamma is flattered by the phyſicians, that the waters will do her good; if ſo, ſhe will fix herſelf here for the reſt of her life.

life. We cannot, as yet, have made any acquaintaince; and I have always deſpaired of meeting with any thing which could compenſate for the loſs of you. Indeed, there is but one thing that could poſſibly do it, which is the health of the beſt parent in the world!——Adieu!——I am moſt grateful to you for your kind and friendly wiſhes. Believe me, my dear Caroline, they are returned, with equal warmth and ſincerity, by your moſt affectionate.

Maria.

To Mr. Freeman.

Carlton Hall.

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter, with the encloſed hiſtory of poor Mr. Williams, for which I very much thank you; and wherein you act too praiſeworthy a part for me to think of receiving you at my houſe, in any other character than that which you have ſo well ſupported; and, as ſuch, I ſhall be moſt glad to ſee you as ſoon as you ſhall think proper.

I hope, Sir, your late friend's father will not leave you with your preſent ſlender ſupport: however, ſhould that be the caſe, you

you will do me a favour in commanding my ſervices, which, I believe, may be ſufficient to provide a ſituation that will be comfortable to you. I ſhall really experience a very great pleaſure in being of any uſe to ſo worthy a perſon as you appear to be. I am, with reſpect, your obedient humble ſervant,

George Coſens.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Hiſlip Vicarage.

My dear Sir.

AS your two laſt letters arrived almoſt together, you will conſider this as an anſwer to them both. Your firſt was very pleaſant to me, though it was aimed with ſo much reſolution to prove me a miſtaken man. Be that as it may, I find my counſels have had the deſired effect; and that a ſenſe of duty and what is right, will never fail to ſtruggle with, if they do not always overcome, the unavoidable frailties of human nature. This, perhaps, is all that can be expected in a young man, and is what very few are known to effect. I cannot but congratulate you, and myſelf alſo, upon ſuch pleaſing prognoſtications of your future honour and happineſs.

Your

Your ſecond letter, with the hiſtory of Mr. Williams, I read but once, and ſhall never open it again. Every man has enough of ſorrow under his own roof, without looking for it in the miſery of others; unleſs he can bring them relief: then, indeed, it becomes a duty to mingle with misfortune, and I truſt that I ſhould not be backward on the occaſion. The eternal alotment of that unhappy gentleman is fixed, ſo that our ſorrows will avail him nothing; but the ſituation of his ſurviving friend, Mr. Freeman, deſerves regard: from every circumſtance of the hiſtory, he has acted a faithful part; and I hope, he will find friends who may have it in their power to make the reſt of his life comfortable. If my capacity were equal to my wiſhes, he ſhould want no other than myſelf. However when he leaves you, (for I am ſure your uncle knowing what he does of him, will not ſuffer him to take a menial office in his family,) beg of him, in my name, to make Hiſlip in his way wherever he may be going. If his deſtination ſhould be to Ireland, his road will be through my pariſh. But, be that as it may, tell him at all events that I ſhall be glad to ſee him to give him, my advice, and whatever aſſiſtance may be in my power, towards ſhaping his future courſe in a manner that may be ſuitable to him.

Mr.

Mr. Williams's ſtory is a very melancholy one; and I ſhould not have renewed the ſubject, but for the ſake of an important obſervation or two which naturally ariſe from it. Theſe are as follow:—that one falſe ſtep, even in the moſt amiable character, will, ſometimes, not only diſcolour but embitter every part of his future life; and that falſe ſteps are more frequently occaſioned by the influence of women than any other cauſe whatever. I therefore recommended the hiſtory of that unhappy man to your attentive conſideration. You behold the rock whereon he ſplit; and I doubt not but your caution will be encreaſed and ſtrengthened by ſuch an example. It has been my deſign to write to you upon the dangers, diſtreſs, and miſery, which frequently attend young men who ſuffer a premature attachment to take poſſeſſion of their hearts; and I cannot avail myſelf of a better opportunity, to make a few obſervations upon the ſubject, than when your mind is awakened to ſuch a fatal inſtance of it.

There is nothing in which virtuous youth is ſo blinded as in the affairs of love: there is no ſubject, therefore, whereon the warning voice of friendſhip can employ itſelf with more propriety, or ſhould exert itſelf with more zeal. That path appears to be ſtrewed with roſes which conducts the lover to his favourite fair; Virtue even ſeems to guide

guide him on his way; and being once fully poſſeſſed with the paſſion,—fame, honour, happineſs, and duty, are, oftentimes, either forgotten, or made to enhance the willing ſacrifice. Love is the moſt deceiving buſineſs in the world; and the underſtanding is never ſo ſubſervient to the heart as in the progreſs of it. "To be in love and to be wiſe, is impoſſible," ſays a proverb, which, though it may not admit of a rigid interpretation, has a meaning that reflection will diſcover, and experience warrant. Early attachments are generally, inconſiderate ones; and much of the happineſs of life is riſqued by them. The love-matches of youth are, very ſeldom, litle better than the triumph of paſſion over reaſon.—But do not ſuppoſe that I am for ſeperating love and Hymen. Far from it; their alliance ſhould be eternal: but it ſhould be that chaſte paſſion which owes its birth to virtue, as well as to beauty; which not only looks to ſelf-gratification, but the happineſs of the perſon beloved; and would even ſacrifice itſelf, if poſſible, for the ſake of its object. This is that pure, rational love which gives every aſſurance of nuptial honour; and it is this I oppoſe to that paſſion, which when the object is poſſeſſed, awakes, as from a dream, to all the imperfections of it.

After all, matrimony is, at beſt, but a kind of a lottery; and we do very ill to encreaſe

creaſe the chances againſt us. Female education is ſo ill-conducted, by giving ſuch an evident preference of attention to the art of external appearance, that we hardly know what we ſee when we are in the ſociety of modern young women of faſhion; as graceful manners, condeſcending behaviour, and attractive looks, are, frequently, but the gawdy veil to hide pride, coquetry, envy, and extravagance. It is the daily buſineſs of mothers, and you will ſoon be a witneſs of the practice, to lead their daughters forth to public places as to an open market for ſale, where they decorate them with thoſe ornaments which were ſucceſsful in their own youth; and how often does it happen, that an amiable deportment is put on with the external decorations, and laid aſide with them. If this is not true, why does it ſo often happen, that the married is ſo different from the unmarried woman? and why are there ſo few examples of the ſame pains being exerted to preſerve, as to win, an heart. In theſe times, I believe matrimony ſeldom encreaſes the real lovelineſs of the bride, and it very often draws aſide the veil which gave her the appearance of it.—But I do not throw out theſe hints to create in you any unſeaſonable apprehenſions of women, as there are many of them whoſe hearts anſwer to the moſt lovely appearance of beauty; but to make you always, in ſome degree, ſuſpect

it

it, till your own experience, or that of others, ſhall convince you that ſuſpicion would be injuſtice.

The converſation of women forms the brilliance of life. Without it man would be a brute. It gives that poliſh and elegance of manners which make the moſt hardy virtue of man amiable; and the moſt common actions of life intereſting and important. But this intercourſe, natural and amiable as it is, has its dangers, eſpecially to young men of ſenſible minds, and in certain ſituations ;—I would ſay, to ſuch a one as yourſelf.

Your ſenſibility of character, with the particular attention that has been paid to the exterior as well as the more ſolid part of your education,—an attention not ſo much obſerved among our countrymen as it ought to be,—has foreſtalled, in a great meaſure, the neceſſity of your entering ſo much into the ſchool of the Graces, as would be proper for many others your equals in life. Senſibility is naturally diſpoſed to the obliging offices of ſocial intercourſe, which conſtitute politeneſs and good-breeding, and requires very little acquaintance with elegant ſociety to attain all the requiſites of a fine gentleman.

Theſe obſervations lead me to the chief deſign of this letter, which is to warn you againſt truſting yourſelf ſo much to the ſociety of women as to be in danger of forming

forming an attachment which may not ſuit with your uncle's deſigns concerning you. He means, in due time, to compleat your eſtabliſhment in life, by marrying you in a manner ſuitable to your ſituation, and equal to your wiſhes; and this important deſign will be ſo conducted as to prove his love for you, and how much your happineſs and honour are the wiſh of his heart. Now, I well know, from your tenderneſs of diſpoſition, how natural it will be for you to form an attachment, and, when once formed, how difficult it will be for you to renounce it, if it ſhould be ſuch an one as your uncle cannot approve; for your regard migh be fixed upon an object, very amiable in itſelf, which, from a variety of circumſtances, might not be agreeable to him. I am certain, and I deſire you never to forget a for moment, that, as he is determined always to conſult your *affections*, it is your duty and intereſt to rely upon his *judgment*. Whenever they are in agreement, you may, without reſtraint, reſign your heart to the impulſe which animates it. To ſecure this important union, mutual confidence is neceſſary. Sir George, I am certain, will act without reſerve; and I doubt not but you will follow his example. When your marriage takes place in conſequence of ſuch an arrangement, I ſhall conſider it as one of the moſt pleaſing acts of my life, as well as the moſt pleaſing duty of my cha-

racter,

racter to meet you at the altar, and give you, from my heart, the nuptial benediction. Accept theſe paternal counſels, and with them the moſt ſincere good-wiſhes of your affectionate.

Thomas Lancaſter.

To Sir George Coſens.

Gray's-Inn.——

Sir,

IT was my intention to have anſwered your kind and generous offers to me by my perſonal acknowledgments; but I now apprehend that it will be ſome weeks before I can do myſelf that pleaſure, as I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for the continent.

I have received an affecting letter from Leonora, who in the moſt urgent manner deſires to ſee me as ſoon as poſſible: but this is not all; I have been favoured with a very kind and friendly anſwer from Mr. Williams, who has transferred the annuity of his ſon to me, and accompanied his generoſity with the moſt obliging offers of friendſhip: at the ſame time he deſires me, as the only return I can make him, to go immediately to *Bruges*, and enquire into the ſituation of the unhappy lady, with the moſt friendly propoſals on the part of a man who

who now repents that he had not accepted her for his daughter. This two-fold motive, as well as a brotherly intereſt I have in all that concerns this excellent woman, will, I hope, Sir, plead my excuſe in poſtponing my viſit to you.——As ſoon as this melancholy buſineſs is over, nothing, I truſt, will impede me an hour from ſetting forward to aſſure you in perſon, with what real reſpect and gratitude,

I am, your obedient, &c.

W. Freeman.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Chelſea——

I A M afraid, my dear Maria, I ſhall never be able to write in ſpirits to you. How I wiſh that my pen was endowed with the happy powers of amuſing you as I was uſed to do myſelf! but, alas, I feel ſuch a want of your ſociety, and am grown ſo careleſs of any other, that I have no diſpoſition to yield to gaity. even when it preſſes upon me for enjoyment.

My good Mamma, who is ever attentive to my pleaſure, and who cannot but applaud my being ſenſible of loſing ſo pleaſing and dear a companion as yourſelf, is continually calling my attention to ſome ob-

ject of amuſement. Indeed, to do you juſtice, ſhe feels your loſs not only for my ſake, but for her own; and daily recommends me to make you the ſtandard of my future friendſhips. From no other motive, I am ſure, but to diſſipate my chagrin, ſhe took me to Ranelagh twice laſt week, and gave me an unlimited power over milleners and manteau-makers for the purpoſe. Two months ago this would have made me crazy; but though I muſt own it rather delighted me, it did not hurry me into a moment's impetuoſity. There was a great crowd both nights, and every body ſaid handſome things on my appearance; and I had no leſs than---I cannot tell how many ſmart men who danced attendance upon me. To be ſure, all this was charming; but, alas! the next morning I had no one to whom I could communicate my pleaſures, and who would hear me talk about them for a week together; and then I cried for my dear Maria, who uſed to ſit with ſo much patience, while I told my feelings, and with ſo much good-nature corrected my zeal in the narration. I do believe, in ſpite of reaſon and the admonitions of my beſt friend, I ſhould, to ſave myſelf from burſting, have made Lucy the confidente of my ſentiments; but company kindly arrived, and amuſed me till a cooler hour informed me what a repentance I had eſcaped.

Thank

Thank you for your Bath Guide: I have ſtudied nothing elſe ſince I received it, and to a ſtranger, I could paſs myſelf off for having no common acquaintance with that beautiful place. Muſic in the pump-room every morning,——balls twice a week,—aſſemblies every night,—plays, public breakfaſts, concerts, and private parties, and all in the ſmall compaſs of a quarter of an hour's dancing in a ſedan, is charming!—My eyes brighten, I am ſure, as I read the deſcription; and if I ſhould be in the midſt of it all, and you along with me,————Well, I will never let my Mamma reſt till ſhe has promiſed to take me there, and then I ſhall hate this dull, miſerable Chelſea, more than ever. I deteſt your fine flowing Thames with all my heart; and never tell me that the Avon can be dull, when there is ſo much pleaſure upon the banks of it: nay, the book tells me that you croſs it to go to Spring-Gardens, where the public breakfaſts are the moſt delightful amuſements in the world. But I hope, before many months are paſt, to know all theſe fine things without book,—and that you will be ſurpriſed by the ſudden, and, I believe, not unwelcome appearance of your moſt affectionate

Caroline Barker.

To George Huddleſton, Eſq.

Carlton Hall.

My dear Friend,

IF ceremony were, in any degree, admiſſible between us, I ſhould preſent you with a long ſtring of apologies for not having already written my thanks to you for all the civility I received at Oxford, which, I muſt own, deſerved an earlier acknowledgement; but I ſhall ſay no more than that I feel myſelf to be of a grateful diſpoſition. Indeed, the principle deſign of this letter is to beg the favour of ſeeing you here the beginning of October, to accompany us to Bath, where my uncle propoſes to paſs ſome months; and the longer you make your viſit, the greater will be the obligation to us all, and in particular to me.

I am very well aſſured, that your complying with my requeſt will be intruding upon the beginning of the ſporting ſeaſon; but, as you have never been at Bath, the variety, elegance, and novelty, of that ſeat of Pleaſure, may, perhaps, make ſome amends for depriving you of your favourite paſtime. Beſides, it will be a great event in favour of my poor friends

the

the hares, to whom you are a moſt redoubtable enemy. However, if you will give us the pleaſure of your company, I will return with you for a few weeks into Nottinghamſhire, and take ſome leſſons in the ſcience of blood and murder. It will do no ſmall credit to your abilities, if you make me a convert to the cruelties of the chace.

I have nothing to tell you to make you laugh, but that our primitive vicar, who can hardly ſee, is about to be joined in holy matrimony to a very reſpectable lady who can hardly hear; ſo that this charming couple will have, I fear, but three ſenſes between them.——If, however, I were diſpoſed to make you weep, all gay as you are, I believe it would be in my power by repeating poor Mr. Williams's hiſtory, with which we are perfectly acquainted: it is a very melancholy one; but I ſhall reſerve it till we meet, to check the flow of your ſpirits when they overbear thoſe of your ſincere and much obliged

Jonathan Coſens.

To Miſs Barker.

Bath——

YOU muſt remember, my deareſt Caroline, an obſervation which I uſed

 continually

continually to repeat, when we were together, of the truth whereof I am now equally ſenſible, that, between us both, a charracter might be formed of no common merit. It would be an affectation in me, if I pretended to be inſenſible to the few qualifications I poſſeſs. My heart tells me I have them; and though that is but a deceitful ſource of information, yet, as it makes me humble, I may be permitted, in this particular at leaſt, to believe its ſuggeſtions.—But to my purpoſe:—If the little good there is in me were added to the great good there is in you, with your figure and beauty, the man, I believe, muſt travel far who would find ſuch another. You want nothing but a little of my indiſpoſition to what is called pleaſure; and if I could receive a ſmall communication of your gaiety of ſpirit, it might be better for me. But this I know, that the little good there is in me, is exactly what you want; and, perhaps, a ſmart diſappointment or two will teach it you. Now, all theſe various means of pleaſure, which in my recital of them, give ſuch a wild activity to your imagination, have not inſpired me with a ſingle idea of ſatisfaction. A few concerts will be all I ſhall indulge myſelf with: perhaps one ball may be added on a particular occaſion, juſt to ſee how the gay and fine world appears, what are the new whims of faſhion, and to

prevent

prevent my being ridiculous from the want of knowing them.

What, twice in a week at Renelagh, and a crowd of admirers into the bargain, and I not forgotten! How amiable is a ſteady friendſhip! and how great muſt that be which could withſtand ſuch obliterating circumſtances!—Believe me, the *Bath Guide* was not ſent you to ſtudy; but to ſave myſelf the trouble of tranſlating my expreſſions whenever they might allude to the cuſtoms and amuſements of the place, or the place itſelf; and I take upon me to deſire you never more to look into it, but when any part of my letters may refer to what is unintelligible to you; or I ſhall be obliged to counteract the intemperance of your ſatisfaction in reading it, by ſome little hiſtories and obſervations which the book does not mention. I will venture to ſay; that, before you had been here a week, you would experience ſome mortifications that would bring down your ſpirits, unleſs Mamma took great care of her dear child. You will exclaim, I know, What can all this be? Alas! my dear Caroline, I am but a very few years older than you; nevertheleſs I could give you an anſwer to the queſtion that would make you look grave: but I muſt reſerve theſe matters for another occaſion. At preſent, I am to tell you, that we have taken a charming little houſe in a very pleaſant ſituation; and, in looking

over it, I have fixed upon an apartment for you: if you ſhould continue in the ſame deſire of viſiting Bath, I know who is a ſpoiled girl, that has a Mamma who cannot deny her any-thing; ſo that before the next winter is paſt, I may embrace you here, which will be a pleaſure not to be expreſſed by your affectionate

Maria Delaunois.

To Sir George Coſens.

Bruges——

Sir,

AS you have ſo kindly interreſted yourſelf in what concerns me, I think it my duty to write to you from this place, to inform you of my ſafe arrival, and to give you ſome account of the unforunate Leonora.

I found her at the convent of Engliſh nuns, where we had left her near ten years ago, and as complete a miſtreſs of the Engliſh language, as if ſhe had never been inſtructed in any other; though it will ſerve now, as ſhe pathetically obſerved, for no other purpoſe but that of lamenting the fate of the tendereſt of men in the language of his country. Her form was much faded, but retained a melancholy dignity

more

more awful and interreſting than the brighteſt fluſh of beauty.

Why or wherefore I cannot tell, but ſhe ſeemed, by her queſtions, to ſuſpect the end of her unfortunate lover. However, I was ſteady to the tale I had formed to deceive her, thinking it much better that ſhe ſhould believe he died of a broken heart, than by the fatal ſuggeſtions of his own deſpair. The ſecond day of my ſeeing her, ſhe inſiſted upon my accepting every-thing Mr. Williams had left her, except a watch to which was hung a picture of his mother, and two portraits of himſelf, one painted before, and the other after he returned from abroad, which are great reſemblances, and ſet in diamonds; together with his travelling library, which conſiſts of about fourſcore volumes of the beſt Engliſh Authors, all bound elegantly and alike, and fitted into a trunk. Theſe remembrances, ſhe ſaid, ſhould be the chief companions, as they would be the principle comforts of her life. Indeed, all her converſations upon this ſubject, and, as may be naturally expected, it was the only one which engaged us, were ſo noble and affecting, ſo replete with ſentiment and edification, that my cheeks were continually wet with the tears of pity and admiration.

She has not yet determined upon the future plan of her life; to ſettle that, ſhe waits the return of a meſſenger from Italy,

and an anſwer from her friend Celeſtina, to whom ſhe has written a particular account of her ſituation. But I beg your excuſe for entering at preſent into a detail of circumſtances, which, if you ſhould chuſe to be made acquainted with them, I can relate to you in perſon.——I have already been here a fortnight, and, before the term is again elapſed, I ſhall hope to have the honour of aſſuring you how much I think myſelf,

Your moſt obliged,
Humble Servant,
W. Freeman.

To George Huddleſton, Eſq;

Carlton Hall.

WELL of all the birds in the air, who ſhould have thought of you, my dear George. for a Mentor? nevertheleſs, our young Telemachus is returned home much improved by his Oxford expedition. The boy has now got ſome ſmall gleam of the world about him; and I am not without my ſuſpicions, that in ſpite of his gentleneſs, his modeſty, and his ſentiment, he has ſome ſparks of wickedneſs in him which a little more of your edifying ſociety would ſtrike out, and he then might become as great

great a rake as yourſelf :—though I hope for better things; for with the aſſiſtance of Lancaſter's high flown morals, the bright example of his uncle, the grave counſels of his aunt, (meaning myſelf,) and the grace of God, I truſt he will be preſerved from ſuch a ſcrape.

You may laugh, you wicked rogue, but I hear of your pranks :—the riot and idleneſs of Oxford, with fox-hunting and carouſing at home will be the ruin of you. Beſides, you never take the leaſt notice of your godmother, you ungracious boy! I have not received ſix lines from you theſe ſix months. When I held you in my arms at the font, you were ſuch a noiſy perverſe, riotous brat, that I ſaid it would be a ſhame to make a chriſtian of you; but I was over-ruled, as I always am, and made, but againſt my conſcience, to promiſe God knows what for you. If I am to anſwer for all your ſins as well as my own, the Lord have mercy upon me! I told your father, when you were but a ſniveling boy, that he would repent of his folly in encouraging you in your wicked tricks; and I believe he remembers my words, though he has not grace enough to own it.

Our Jonathan is ſilly enough to have a friendſhip for you, and is continually repeating his obligations to you; I ſuppoſe, among the reſt, for aſſiſting him in writing that ſaucy letter to me from Oxford. May

I never

I never be an old maid, if I am not revenged of you both! From your manner of going on, I am ſure that you will get into ſome unlucky buſineſs before it is long, and then I ſuppoſe you will do me the favour to think of me, and I ſhall receive an humble letter, beginning with My dear and honoured godmother, and ending with Your moſt dutiful godſon, with a long intervening, canting preamble, that you ſhall never be able to ſee your father's face, if I do not aſſiſt you; and that you will be ſo prudent, diſcreet, and good in future, and all that. But if you make any more of your miſerable applications to me, be aſſured, I ſhall laugh at your diſtreſs till my ſides ach; but as for relieving it,—no, my dear George, I have never given you the leaſt reaſon to claim ſuch a kindneſs, or indeed any other from your affectionate, you may add godmother, if you will; though it ſounds ſo like grandmother, that I don't quite like it:—however your ſincere friend and well wiſher I will ever acknowledge myſelf; and you will, at all times, find theſe characters united in.

Catharine Coſens.

To Dr. Lancaſter.

Carlton Hall.

Honoured Sir,

YOUR laſt letter was upon a ſubject ſo new to me, and in which I appeared to be ſo little concerned, that I did not know how to anſwer it. I was well aſſured that you had very good reaſons for writing to me as you did, though I could not diſcover the immediate neceſſity of it:——but the matter is, at preſent, fully elucidated by my uncle's having explained his deſigns upon the ſubject of my future eſtabliſhment; which he has done like himſelf, in a manner the moſt kindly kind, and generous, that can be conceived, I have endeavoured to anſwer to his goodneſs, by promiſing an entire confidence in him, and a ready compliance with his wiſhes in every thing. However, the converſation ended in a declaration, on his part, that, as my happineſs was the great object of his wiſhes to ſettle me in life, he ſhould ever pay an equal attention to my affections as to his own judgment; and that when they met in approving the ſame object, which he truſted was a very reaſonable expectation, he ſhould retire to his ſeat of Maple-

toft

toft Manor, which is about five miles from hence, and would preſent me with Carlton, and all the great domain belonging to it. This magnificent generoſity he accompanied with ſome general advice of the ſame nature, and to the ſame effect as yours; I ſhould, ſurely, be the moſt ungrateful being on earth, if I were not to pay a full attention and obedience to both. My heart is ſo oppreſſed with my uncles goodneſs, that I can write no more about it: but what I have already written will, I am ſure, communicate a great pleaſure to yours.

Mr. Freeman is not yet arrived, but is expected every day; and I ſhall not fail to inform him of your kindneſs. If the world is ſo bad as every-one tell me it is, I am, ſurely, moſt uncommonly happy to be ſurrounded by the beſt beings in it.——I remain, with all duty and regard, your moſt affectionate and ever-obliged friend and humble ſervant,

J. Coſens.

To Miſs Delaunois.

I REALLY wiſh, my dear Maria, that I had a little of your gravity, though how long it would laſt Heaven only knows. Such is the difference of our characters, that I ſmile at things which do not change a ray

a ray of your countenance; and you do little more than ſmile at what almoſt kills me with laughter. I really believe you are ſomewhat wiſer than I am; however, at all events, you will have the credit of being ſo from that ſpecious gravity of yours. But I muſt correct myſelf, and cannot, even in joke, do you an injuſtice. You are not grave, and there is nothing in your countenance that can be called gravity: a ſerene chearfulneſs enlivens and beautifies it; and I have heard it obſerved, that nothing can be ſuperior to the amiable dignity of your look, form, and manners. My dear Mamma, who is, I think, rather too much diſpoſed to talk about the ſorrows of life, ſays, with tears in her eyes, that ſhe wiſhes I was ſo well prepared to meet them as you are. Gracious Heaven! it is time enough to think of them when they come, without making one's ſelf melancholy in preparing for the reception of ſuch unpleaſant viſitors. Whenever they beſet me, I'll ſee if laughing will not drive them away; but if that ſhould not do, I will cry in good earneſt, —but not till then.

And ſo, my dear Maria, this Bath is but a ſnake in the graſs; and, after all the fine accounts of it, which have almoſt turned my brain ſleeping and waking, my hopes are to be daſhed by the fear of danger and the apprehenſion of trouble! I really do not comprehend you, though I ſuppoſe you

you will find out ſome cunning way of explainining yourſelf. I have been at plays and balls in London—I have been at Ranelagh and Vauxhall—(I don't mention our Chelſea aſſemblies)—and I ſaw no reaſon for alarm at any of theſe places. I cannot conceive why pleaſure ſhould be more dangerous in your little city, than in the metropolis. To tell you the truth, I aſked my Mamma about it, and ſhe replied with a ſmile and a ſigh, "Your friend, my dear, is a good and a ſenſible girl, and I ſhall leave it to her to unfold the myſtery."

But you do not ſeem to ſatisfy my curioſity in any-thing, or you would have told me the ſituation of your charming houſe; and I ſhould have delighted myſelf with looking into the plan of Bath, and to have put my finger upon the ſpot. To be ſure, it is like yourſelf, to have allotted me my apartment; but if the caſe had been reverſed, I ſhould have told you the colour of the paper it was hung with, and what was to be ſeen from the windows, and all that:—though I fancy I ſhall not occupy it, as my Papa is expected home in the autumn; and he will, propably, take an houſe at Bath for the winter. Nothing, however, can be determined till he returns. What a delightful letter it will be that prepares you for our arrival! and if what I have heard be true, my father's return will, in more reſpects than one, add to the importance

tance of a certain good friend of yours, who, whatever it may be, would be glad to ſhare it with you. If you cannot gueſs who this is, I will give you an example of a generous confidence, in acquainting you that it is your ever-affectionate

Caroline Barker.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Harbury Lodge.

My dear Jonathan,

I THANK you for your friendly letter and obliging invitation, which I ſhall very readily accept of, if you will promiſe to paſs the Chriſtmas with us. We ſhall have a great deal of that ſort of mirth which will pleaſe you; and, perhaps, I may be able to transform you from a Pythagorean into a reaſonable being; and to convince you that you may hunt an hare without running any riſque of deſtroying your grandmother. If I could but once ſee a good kennel at Carlton, I ſhould be happy: with ſuch a country as yours, it is a ſin not to have one of the beſt packs of dogs in the kingdom. By the ſide of the brook, juſt where the old pound ſtood, would be the fineſt ſituation in the word. I would ſet off any hour in the night to come

come and lay the firſt ſtone; and my father ſays, he would pay you a viſit on purpoſe to teach me the *view halloo*, for which he has been famous all his life-time.——I wiſh the vicar joy, and I hope you have promiſed to ſtand godfather to the firſt child.——At the appointed time I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing and accompanying you to Bath; but remember, I depend upon the foregoing condition. The family join me in beſt regards to our good friends at Carlton; and I hope you will believe me to be moſt truly yours,

George Huddleſton.

To Dr. Lancaſter.

Carlton Hall.

Reverend Sir,

THOUGH a ſtranger to you but by name, I take the liberty of returning you my moſt ſincere thanks for the kind intereſt Mr. Coſens informs me you have taken in my welfare, and your generous offers of ſervice which he has communicated to me. Providence, indeed, is abundantly gracious to me, much more than I deſerve, in bleſſing me with ſuch ſincere friends; and, at the ſame time, giving me

that

that independance which prevents my being burthenſome to them.

With the annuity transferred to me by Mr. Williams, and about fifteen hundred pounds, which has, at length devolved to me by the death of my poor friend, I am in poſſeſſion of near four hundred pounds a year; and Sir George Coſens, whoſe worth I cannot ſufficiently extol, has not only offered me the houſe which he built for his friend, Captain Coſtard, but has inſiſted upon my acceping all the priviledges with which that gentleman was favoured. I am, therefore, by the bleſſing of Heaven, placed in a ſituation beyond my utmoſt wiſhes; but I ſhall not, I hope, be rendered, thereby, leſs grateful to thoſe whoſe friendſhip ought to be for ever graven on my heart. Among the reſt, you have every claim to my acknowledments; and I deſign, as ſoon as I am recovered from the fatigue of body and mind which I have lately undergone, to ſet out for Ireland, and, with your permiſſion, to paſs a few days with you in my way thither. In the mean time, Sir, I beg leave to aſſure you, with the greateſt ſenſibility of your kindneſs, that I am your moſt grateful and obedient humble ſervant,

W. Freeman.

To Miſs Coſens.

Harbury Lodge.

Honoured Madam,

WHENEVER I am favoured with a letter from you, I cannot readily determine whether you are in joke or earneſt; however, I comfort myſelf with the recollection, that it is a good ſign whenever you try to make any-one ridiculous, as you are never ſatisfied till you make them amends ſome way or other: and I flatter myſelf, that the amuſement you had at my expence, will be, at leaſt, fifty pounds in my pocket, which will be very convenient to help me through the Bath expedition, in which I am to have the pleaſure of accompanying you.

As for leading Jonathan into any ſcrapes, that is not in my power, even if it were in my intentions. He is proof againſt all my temptations, I aſſure you; and, however you may laugh at Doctor Lancaſter, he has certainly formed my friend's character in a very ſuperior manner, and what neither I, nor any-one I know, ſhall ever equal. Impudent and riotous as you may think me, I ſhould be the laſt perſon in the world to throw a lure in his way that might

might disgrace him. The only thing I wish to do for him is to give him a taste for hunting, which I think would do him good, and make him a complete gentleman. All the family join with me in best respects. It will not be long before I shall pay my devoirs to you at Carlton, when you will have an opportuity of laughing in person at your most obliged and dutiful

George Huddleston.

To Miss Barker.

Bath——

AT length we are in our delighful little house, and an attention to the necessary arrangements of our new situation should not have been interrupted by anything but the pleasure of answering your last half-lively letter. What is the matter with you? Whom have you seen? or whom have you not seen? or, rather, who has not seen you? I cannot be vain enough to suppose that my absence can so long continue to diminish your spirits. I must therefore place it to the account of some of these little disappointments, which you well remember to be the subjects of my raillery. But take notice, if they should continue another

another year, I ſhall alter my tone, and treat them without mercy. With the advantages of every kind which you poſſeſs, admiration will follow you; and you can never loſe it, but when you preſs forward to receive it. This is a little hint by the way; and I ſhall proceed to give ſome ſatisfaction to your curioſity, which, as I have called it forth, it would be unpardonable in me not to gratify.

Though in fact there is much more diſſipation and pleaſure, as you will call it, in London than at Bath; yet, if they were to be conſidered in all their circumſtances, and a ſcale could be formed, by which the comparative ſtate of public amuſements could be aſcertained in each of theſe places, I verily believe, that the latter would be found to have the ſuperiority. In London the public amuſements are ſo diffuſed, that you may frequent them almoſt without obſervation; and they may be ſo varied by you, that you will not appear, in the eyes of the world, to be greatly attached to them. Beſides, though there is every means of gratification in the metropolis, it is a place where pleaſure is not the greateſt and almoſt only object. Add to all this, that to lead a diſſipating life in London, a fortune is abſolutely neceſſary, which comparatively ſpeaking, very few are known to poſſeſs.

On

On the contrary, at Bath, Pleaſure takes a ſmall circuit, but is continually in motion, ſo that you cannot ſtir without being obſerved; and there are numbers of people, who, from one cauſe or another, make it the whole buſineſs and employment of their time to remark the conduct of others. Every perſon will know every thing you do; with whom you dance; what you wear, and where you go: nothing eſcapes inveſtigation, not even the moſt trifling circumſtances; and, if any little article of folly, affectation, or imprudence, ſhould ſlide into the account, it will be known, and furniſh matter of converſation in every part of the town. This is a place where Pleaſure is the principle buſineſs: they, who do not come for health, are here for no other purpoſe but to crowd the temple of that fantaſtic deity; nor ſhould I forget to obſerve that the terms of gaining admiſſion are leſs than moderate. From this little hiſtory, you may be ſure that competition will enter very deeply into the buſineſs, and, of courſe, no ſmall quantity of envy and detraction.

To be beautiful and elegant will conjure up enemies in almoſt all who feel their inferiority. Your ſmiles, all lovely as they are, would not be able to quell them; on the contrary, they will exerciſe the vigilance of that malice which is ever on the watch to attack you. The ſtare of impertinent

tinent, half-approving curioſity, the dubious whiſper, and the vulgar exclamation, will not fail to mingle with the general whiſper of applauſe. This is no ſmall counterbalance to the pleaſurable enjoyments of this place: --beſides, any report, whether true or falſe, is not loſt in the crowd, but is carried into every part of the kingdom, and ſerves as a portion of thoſe hiſtories, with which families, from all quarters of it, are to entertain their neighbours when they return home.

You will aſk me, perhaps, how I have contrived to collect ſo much knowledge in ſuch a ſhort ſpace of time. I am not indebted, thank Heaven, to my own experience, but to thoſe who have lived long in the place, and know it well. But all this is not, my dear Caroline, quite unintelligible to you. The amuſements of Chelſea will furniſh you with ſomething of the ſame kind, though very much in miniature. You have only to ſuppoſe the competitions infinately encreaſed, with the croakers and rattle-ſnakes, as you were uſed to call them, in proportion, and the affair is done.

Although you tell me, when you are to viſit this place, we ſhall not have the pleaſure to receive you, as a permanent gueſt, under our roof, I amuſe myſelf, notwithſtanding, in fitting up the little apartment to your taſte. A chamber of little more than

than ſixteen feet ſquare, and a cloſet of half thoſe dimenſions, cannot merit, or even juſtify, a particular deſcription, nor will I trifle with you ſo much as to give it to you. Indeed, if I were to do it in the manner you deſire, my letter might ſerve as a carpet to the room. Adieu! and believe me moſt truly yours, &c.

Maria.

To Mr. William Freeman.

Bruges——

My dear Friend,

MY lot in this life ſeems, at length, to be determined; Heaven points out a road to me, which I ſhall readily take, and you I doubt not, will approve it. The meſſenger is returned from Italy with an account that my brother thinks me dead, and does not ſeem to wiſh otherwiſe. I am, therefore, determined to accept the invitation of my dear and more proſperous friend, the Counteſs of Gromſtadt, who has ſent a confidential perſon on purpoſe to eſcort me to her, with the moſt tender and affecting invitation to paſs the reſt of my days with her. You are alſo included; and, if you have not a better place of reſt, you will do well to follow me. In ſome of her

letters, ſhe has mentioned, more than once, her pleaſant viſits to a monaſtery in the neighbourhood of her caſtle; and who knows but I may there find a pillow whereon to lay my weary head.

I encloſe a letter for Dublin: a duplicate will follow by the next mail. I have taken this precaution, as it is the wiſh of my heart that it may reach its deſtination. The writing of it coſt me many a pang; and he to whom it is addreſſed, will often find his aged eyes dim with tears as he reads it.—— I ſhall leave this place to-morrow, and ſhall paſs by the way of Straſbourg to Vienna; where I ſhall find my friends, who will immediately conduct me to their chateau, which is about a day's journey from Prague. If you are reſolved to remain in England, I ſhall ſee you no more; but my prayers and wiſhes will be very frequent for your true and laſting happineſs. I ſhall write to you from time to time; and I hope you will do the ſame kindneſs to me. The boſom-friend of him whoſe image is ever before me, cannot but be dear to

Leonora.

To Archibald Williams, Eſq.

Bruges——

THERE was a time, Sir, when I had the hopes of frequently addreſſing

ſing you in a more intereſting character; and from a much nearer degree of relation than can ever ſubſiſt between us:—but, alas! thoſe hopes are gone to the tomb where your ſon lies; they are mingled with his clay; they are mouldering with his duſt. I once expected to have called you Father, and had prepared myſelf to perform the affectionate duties which a parent claims from his child; but that expectation has alſo withered away. The decrees of Heaven are wiſe, and I ſubmit to them with due reſignation, journeying onward through the reſt of my life, forgetting and forgot; —with my heart in the grave of my lover; and my eye fixed on Heaven, where I hope, ere long, to meet him.

I wiſh much to have been ſpared the pain of all thoſe bitter recollections which make my tears fall from my cheeks upon the paper, and deface the imperfect letters which my trembling hand is at a loſs to form. —Alas! the ſcene of happineſs that was once before me What a diſmal curtain has been drawn acroſs it! To be bereft of hope here,—to ſee no ray of light but what is beyond the gulph—and even that ſometimes rendered, by the weakneſs of human nature, and the clouds of human diſtreſs, of a dubious appearance,—is a condition which would force a ſigh from the moſt obdurate heart, and I doubt not, will receive that proof of compaſſion from yours.

But I muſt correct myſelf; for the language of complaint will ſeem to you to be the language of reproach; and I have no right, even if I were diſpoſed, to uſe it. I ſhall therefore ſtruggle to get from it, to thank you Sir, for that kindneſs which has occaſioned this letter. I not only thank you for it, but acknowledge myſelf to be greatly comforted by it, as it is accompanied with that ſort of attention, and beſtowed in that tender manner, which tell me you are grieved that I am not your daughter. Indeed, I can ſay it without boaſting, I deſerved that tender name. My affection for your ſon would have been ſcarcely more than that I ſhould have had for his father:—even, in the article of religion, if that had borne the ſhadow of an objection, I had brought myſelf to be ſubmiſſive; conſidering that the great Being, who governs the world, when he caſts his eye over the inhabitants of it, beholds only the good and the evil, and receives the ſacrifice of the pious heart from every corner of the earth.—But I am ſinking once more into thoſe ſentiments which are too affecting for me to write, and cannot be pleaſing for you to read. I ſhall therefore again thank you for your kind offers of ſervice, which, I aſſure you, ſir, I would with pleaſure accept, if I were in want of them: but I really am not; and to convince you that I do not refuſe your friendſhip from any motives of pride or reſentment, it may be neceſſary to acquaint

you

you with ſome ſmall part of my hiſtory, of which you cannot have been informed.

I had the misfortune to loſe my father when I was in my cradle; however, Heaven, in its mercy, had given me a mother whoſe care and affection prevented me from feeling the want of another parent:—but before I had attained eighteen years, Heaven withdrew its mercy, in taking her alſo from me. The evening before ſhe expired, ſhe called me to her bed-ſide, and, having told me ſhe was near her end, with her bleſſing ſhe gave me a paper, and deſired me to preſerve it with great care. "That is," ſaid ſhe, "an inventory of jewels and effects to a great value, which I have depoſited in the hands of a perſon whoſe integrity I have often tried, for your uſe: annexed to the inventory you will find his acknowledgement of having received them. I have made this depoſit, my dear child," ſaid ſhe, "becauſe I well know it is your brother's intentions, from very intereſted motives, to propoſe your taking the veil. Situated as he is, you will not be able to oppoſe his deſigns, but by flying to another kingdom, where what I have given you will be ſufficient to ſupport your rank in comfort. My tenderneſs has ſuggeſted this to me, and I have obeyed it; leaving to your own diſcretion how to act: —I have only to command you never to diſgrace yourſelf, to let your conſcience

be your guide, and to remember with tenderneſs your affectionate mother." She then called the bleſſings of Heaven upon me, and ſunk immediately into the arms of death. I could ſcarce ſuſtain the awful ſcene, and the trials of it had well nigh borne me to the ſame grave.—My brother ſoon confirmed my mother's dying declaration; and ſo well did he purſue his meaſures, that I could not avoid taking the veil. But when my lips uttered that vow which was to ſeparate me from the world my heart proteſted againſt it, and I reſolved to ſeize the firſt opportunity of making my eſcape; eſpecially as my ſecret fortune was in ſure hands. I have ſince received it from the faithful friend with whom my mother entruſted it. The greater part had been turned into money, and placed in the bank of Vienna, where it produces an income far ſuperior to my wants, the reſt, conſiſting of ſome rare jewels, I have kept in my poſſeſſion for fear of the worſt; and they will now ſerve as a ſmall tribute of my gratitude to thoſe kind friends, beneath whoſe roof I am to find an hoſpitable ſhelter during the ſhort remains of my life.

You are now, I hope, Sir, convinced that it would be ſuperfluous in me to receive your offers of friendſhip, for which, however, I moſt ſincerely thank you again and again. After all, my heart does not reproach me; and the manner in which I have

have conducted myself, Since I escaped from the convent, will bear witness that I did not leave it from motives disgraceful to me. It was a step I had always determined to take; it was not therefore difficult for your all accomplished son, who might have relaxed the firmest vows, to loose such feeble ones as mine. However, in executing such a design, which is by some thought unchaste, even in the contemplation, I was resolved not to bring any real disgrace upon myself, or involve the object of my affections in any family distresses. I determined, therefore, to act in such a manner, previous to our union, as to induce his friends to believe me worthy of it; and I had not the least doubt but I should be received by them with joy and welcome. But when I was made acquainted with the real state of Mr. Williams's situation, and your fixed resolutions concerning him, I sent you a written promise, which I flattered myself would have reconciled him to you; and this promise I never broke, though we had the means of living comfortably and honourably together without your assistance. I now repent my fidelity to that promise, as I little thought you would have suffered him to be a miserable wanderer, and to die at last of a broken heart. I made the greatest sacrifice in my power, and though the victim was accepted, the condition was not

fulfilled. I yielded to a rigid and inflexible duty, and am bowed down beneath it.

After all, to give a certain proof that I do not hesitate to be obliged by you, I desire the favour of you, and I shall consider it as the greatest you can bestow upon me to transfer your designs of kindness to me to your poor son's faithful and unparalleled friend, Mr. Freeman. I have set you an example, in giving him what your son bequeathed to me. He passed the prime of his years, in being his companion, his counsellor, his nurse, and his friend; for him he neglected those means of securing to himself that support which his abilities and industry would have secured to him in any part of the globe. I will bear record to a fidelity and honour in him of which there are few examples. Cherish him, I beseech you; let him not languish without an honourable protection! To preserve such a man from penury is not sufficient; he should flourish in comfort and independence. I ask it of you; the shade of your son speaks by me, and an acquiescence with this demand will soothe us both. It is the only request I have ever made to you, and will be the last.—Alas! what do I write?---there is yet another?---but let it pass! the distant country to which I am going, forbids it. Nevertheless, it would be a satisfaction, and a great one too, to find at length, that you do not think my ashes would

would disgrace the sepulchre which contains those of your son.—I bid you, Sir, farewel! My enfeebled hand and exhausted spirits command me to it. If I could have supposed that I should ever write to you again, this letter would not have been so long; but, as that will not be, do not be offended that I linger on a subject so dear to me.—Once more I bid you adieu! My wishes have been so unsuccessful for myself, that I know not how to offer them to you: but my prayers, which, I trust, have sometimes been heard, shall remember you;—and Heaven will not reject them because they proceed from a broken heart.——— One half of me is no more; yet a little while, and the expecting grave shall have the rest of its prey.—Speed on your wings, reluctant Time! and hasten the hour which shall for ever close the eyes of

Leonora.

To Miss Delaunois.

Chelsea.——

YOUR last letter, my dear Maria, was so full of morality and grave descriptions, that, if I had not been assured it was of your hand-writing, I should have really concluded it to be one of those wise

epiſtles which I receive, once a quarter, from my Aunt Rebecca.—After all, you might have enlivened it with ſomething or other that was diverting.

What at the very fountain of anecdotes, and not one for your poor curious Caroline! what do you do with yourſelf? how do you paſs your time? whom do you ſee? what acquaintance have you made? and all that. You are got into the gayeſt, and, according to your account, the moſt ſcandalous place in the world, and you have not a ſingle entertaining paragraph throughout your letter!

So I am to behave myſelf wondrous well when I come amongſt you!—My dear Maria ſhall ſee that I can play my part to admiration; and not a tabby cat of them all ſhall glance diſapprobation at me. As for being envied, why, it is the moſt charming thing in the world. I hope I ſhall be envied as long as I live; and when my Papa comes home, I believe there will be ſome reaſon for envying me.

I preſume there is ſome little difference between the company at Bath and our flaunting Chelſea miſſes, God bleſs 'em! who are as civil and as abuſive as ever. I hear that I was finely pulled to pieces at the laſt aſſembly, though I was dreſſed in an old gown, and did not dance. I neither eclipſed them by my appearance, nor took my partners from them; nevertheleſs they

ſmiled,

ſmiled, and ſuppoſe I did not dance out of compaſſion to them; with ſuch ſort of polite impertinence. I hate the place every day more and more; and I ſhall never be eaſy till I have ſaid farewell to it.

With all the dangers and diſagreeable circumſtances which, I muſt own you deſcribe rather horribly, I ſhall take upon me the title of one of the inhabitants of Bath with real pleaſure. I may act wrong, perhaps, and do fooliſh things, but I ſhall have you to conſole and adviſe me. If I ſhould be an object for ill-nature to vent its ſpite at, I ſhall have wherewith to make me amends in your kindneſs and affection.

It is true, I do love a little admiration, and where is the harm of it? Do not all ranks of people ſeek it! Is it not the purſuit of all mankind? Beſides, wherefore am I dreſſed out with ſo much expence? and why am I educated in ſo poliſhed a manner, if it is not for this end? Am I accompliſhed to ſit in an hermitage, or to appear in the world? and if the latter, is it not that the world ſhould admire me? Or wherefore is every attention about me encreaſed when I am to go into public; and why are the inſtructions of all my maſters directed to what the world will ſay of me, if I attain ſuch a degree of excellence, and ſo on?—nay, is not this very admiration held forth as my reward? After all

your

your grave advice upon the matter, I believe you like it as well as I do; though you know how to ſave appearances better. I remember at our ball, when Sir Robert Daviſon ſaid ſomething handſome to you, that you became red as ſcarlet, and turned away your face to wipe a couple of tears from it. Now, he is an old man, yet his admiration could make you cry for pleaſure; and all I ever received never affected me any more than to make me bluſh a little, and my heart beat a great deal.

I have no news for you, though I deſire you will ſend me a cargo of it. Your favourite Thames flows as uſual. There was ſome fine muſic upon it laſt night; and the boats lay off our walk for more than an hour. The ſerenity of the evening, and the ſweet ſounds which enlivened it, ſoothed my mind into that degree of ſatisfaction, as to feel no other want in my heart, but of that friend who ſo continually poſſeſſes it. Does the clarinet never enliven your Avon? or are its banks ſo dull as to have no echoes? Perhaps the harmony of Bath is confined entirely to the concert-room, where, I am told, Saint Cecilia herſelf deigns ſometimes to be preſent.——Say ſomething about your muſic. Shall I ſend you any-thing new?——I ſhould ſuppoſe that you had forgot the uſe of your pencil, or you might, by this time, have ſent me the drawings you promiſed. The

frames

frames are already hung up in my dreſſing-room, and want to be filled. I cannot have too many object about me, that may recal to every moment's remembrance a friend ſo dear as you are, and ever will be, to your moſt affectionate.

Caroline Barker.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Hiſlip Parſonage.

My dear Sir,

AS you are now at the entrance of the Temple of Pleaſure, permit me to ſtop you for a moment upon the treſhold, to warn you againſt the dangers which lurk in it.

The place which you are going to inhabit for ſome time has long been notorious for the number of gameſters who reſort to it, to fill their own purſes at the expence of young men who are eaſily deceived, or old men who are willing dupes. The number of theſe gentry is much greater than it appears to be; and perſons who do not ſeem to know or even to have heard of each other, are connected in the ſame baſe and lurking deſigns.

When I was at Bath, a quarrel among theſe people about ſharing the booty, that ended

ended in a public affair before the magiſtrate, diſcovered the policies of their republic, which was moſt cunningly formed to enrich themſelves by the ruin of others. The particular circumſtances I have almoſt forgot; though I remember the impeaching perſon was carried off by ſome means or other, and many intereſting particulars in the annals of gambling thereby preſerved from a public diſcloſure. I recollect, however, for I was preſent at the examination, that the plan was arranged with great ſkill, and that men of all diſpoſitions and qualities, at leaſt, who could aſſume them all, were concerned in it. Some of theſe, it ſeems, who ſupported the appearance and manners of gentlemen, were employed to make acquaintance with young men of fortune, to try their propenſities, to call forth and encourage, if poſſible, a ſpirit of gaming, and thus to prepare them for the deſigns of their aſſociates.——All this I am informed, exiſts more or leſs at preſent; and if my information ſhould be true, you will certainly be conſidered as an an object well worthy their attention,

I am therefore, to beg of you to uſe great caution in making acquaintance: politeneſs is due to every one, but an intimate familiarity ſhould be avoided, but with perſons of known characters and connections. I have heard of young men being invited to dinners and entertainments,

where

where, when cards have been propoſed, they have met with that degree of oppoſition which would diſarm almoſt any ſuſpicion, but that the conteſt has ended in their being produced, and the conſequent plunder of the unſuſpicious gueſts. I remember, alſo, to have been credibly informed, that, at a tavern dinner, ſome of the party, propoſing to throw up a guinea to determine the payment of it, a young gentleman, who had not the leaſt diſpoſitions for play, was led on, from that trifling circumſtance, to do a very material injury to his fortune: nay, I fear, it has not been uncommon even for ladies to be a party concerned in ſuch ſhameful buſineſs; and, from their entreaties, young men, who had not reſolution to refuſe what they immagined the rules of politeneſs obliged them to perform, have been ſet down, ignorant and untaught, to cards, where ſucceſs has engendered the love of play; or their loſſes, by repeated endeavours to retrieve them, have, at length, brought on a habit of gaming which has ended in their ruin.

I have mentioned theſe circumſtances to enforce my cautions againſt haſty intimacies, which all young men of a tender and affectionate diſpoſition are apt to embrace; and alſo to prove the neceſſity of making fixed and determined reſolutions, never if poſſible, to touch a card; and, if the forms and cuſtoms of polite life ſhould render

render ſuch a purpoſe impracticable, never to play for more than a certain trifling ſum, which cannot be of any conſequence, if you ſhould loſe it; and to anſwer all propoſals to play deep with a declaration of your purpoſe, and the inflexibility of it.

I remember an old friend of mine, who was very rich and much troubled with an itch for gaming, in order to reſtrain himſelf, made a public vow, which he was continually reapeating, that, whatever ſum he loſt, he would give half as much to the poor; and that they ſhould be equal ſharers of his gains. This being generally known, every body was upon the watch when he was engaged in play, and his profits and loſſes being perfectly known, they never failed to be taxed according to his own reſolution; ſo that what with the encreaſe of his loſſes, and the diminutions of his gains, together with the laugh of his friends, he ſoon gave up the amuſement and played no more. I do not tell you this anecdote as an example, but for your obſervation.

Bacchus alſo is no unfrequent aſſociate of the gambling tribe; and perſons of the moſt ſober and cautious diſpoſitions may be unwarily, and by ſlow degrees, warmed by company and wine into an incautious moment, and the ſurrounding harpies will not fail to ſeize the golden opportunity.

But,

But, beſides the gameſter, there is another ſet of men, who, though much leſs offenſive, are ſtill dangerous in their connection. I ſhall ſurpriſe you perhaps, when I tell you that the perſons to whom I allude are the profeſſional muſicians. In the plan of education I propoſed to your uncle, and what he did me the honour to approve, muſic was wholly omitted; and nothing ſhould have induced me to alter it, in that particular, but the uncommon genius you diſcovered for the ſcience, by which you were enabled to become no inconſiderable proficient without the leaſt interruption to your other ſtudies. I am not ſo rigid as Plato, who wiſhed to baniſh muſic from his republic; nevertheleſs, I think, by its attracting powers, its influence is dangerous in many particulars, which I have not time to mention.

To enforce my opinions, I muſt inform you, without entering into any preſent explanation, that almoſt all profeſſional muſicians are libertines; and too many examples might be produced of young men of faſhion who have been ſeduced by them into all the refinements of vice. I muſt therefore recommend it to you never to make companions of them: receive them as perſons whom you are to pay for the entertainment they afford you. It is not poſſible to do otherwiſe than to be kind to all around you; but keep theſe people, however they may excel

excel in their art, at a certain diſtance: the moment the buſineſs of their inſtruments is at an end, pay and diſmiſs them; nor ever ſuffer any of the tribe to be employed by you without rewarding them, and rather gain their reſpect by the generoſity of your purſe, than the luxury of your table. Many of this claſs are men of very convivial talents; are well acquainted with all the domeſtic hiſtories of the times; and not only know how to inflame the paſſions, which inconſiderate young men are apt to miſtake for an appropriate power of pleaſing, but are frequently as willing, as they are qualified, to aſſiſt in the indulgence of them.

My letters to you, my dear Sir, are only ſo many ſtrings of hints for your uſe and reflection. "A word to the wiſe" is a good proverb; and, young as you are, without the leaſt flattery, I think it may, with the greateſt propriety, be applied to you.

That a good Providence may watch over and preſerve you from all danger, is the moſt ſincere prayer of your ever affectionate

Thomas Lancaſter.

To Miſs Barker.

Bath——

INDEED, my dear Caroline, you argue too well for me, and I ſhall not continue

tinue the diſpute. The affair of being admired is a delicate buſineſs, and I ſhall leave it to time to determine which of us is in the right: however before I quite bid adieu to the ſubject, I ſhall acknowledge that the civil expreſſions of Sir Thomas Davidſon did not only make me bluſh, but grow pale and ſhed a tear. He was ſo kind as to ſay he wiſhed for ſuch an one as myſelf to call him Father; and the reflection that the early death of mine ſnatched from me the opportunity of uſing that tender name, affected me, as it always does, whenever it occurs to me.—And ſo much for that.

Mortify me no more, I beſeech you with the deſcription of your beautiful ſtream, and the echoes of it: I would readily confine myſelf for a month to enjoy ſuch an evening as you deſcribe.—Yes, we have our water-muſic here; but it is not the muſic of the Thames, whoſe winding ſhores ſeem alone capable of giving new melody to the ſounds which reach them. The Avon is ſlow in its courſe, and dull in its aſpect; while the muſic which is breathed upon it, ſeems, in my fancy, to deaden upon the heavy waters.

You tell me that I am in the region of anecdotes, and that I do not enliven my letter with one of them. Indeed, they ſeldom reach me, or meet with ſo little attention when they do, that they are ſoon beyond the reach of my recollection. Beſides, to tell

you

you my real ſentiments, when I find myſelf obliged to have recourſe to the tales of the day for the contents of a letter to a friend, I will lay my pen aſide. You obſerve alſo, that I am in the very ſeat of Scandal, without entertaining you with a ſingle ſcrap of it.—From an apprehenſion that your obſervation might be, for the moment, a ſerious one, be aſſured, my dear Caroline, that the door, the ear, and the heart of your friend, are all ſhut againſt it; and even if it were to reach me, do not imagine I would ſuffer my pen to write what my tongue would refuſe to utter.

Many of the leſſer errors of life ariſe, I believe, from the not annexing proper ideas to the terms uſed in common diſcourſe; and I think you muſt be an example of this inattention, or you would not have treated with ſo much levity ſuch a ſerious ſubject. Now, Scandal is a very ſerious one; for it is almoſt always founded in a lie, which is propagated by malice to blaſt or injure ſome private character. It may not be always entirely falſe, but it is ſeldom or never entirely true; and is ſuppoſed to partake more of the former than the latter quality. It is propagated by ill-nature for ill-natured purpoſes: it raiſes weakneſs into vice, and folly into crime. But this is not all; it is ſometimes without the leaſt foundation, and, more generally, has but a ſlender one; and, even where it does not abſolutely exaggerate

aggerate, is actuated by baſe and cruel motives: for even the declaring a diſadvantageous truth may be called Scandal, when it is not done from a principle of juſtice. This is a great miſchief in the world: private reputations are at its mercy, and even domeſtic repoſe is frequently deſtroyed by its miſchievous influence. I may have an opportunity, before it be long, to explain myſelf further upon the ſubject. At preſent, to make amends for the ſerious vein which I have hitherto indulged, I ſhall finiſh my letter with ſomething of an anecdote; and, as it relates to myſelf, I ſhall do it without reſerve.

You muſt know, then, that laſt Monday, as I was walking with my maid, in the fields by the ſide of the Briſtol road, the ſky ſuddenly became black, and threatened a very heavy ſtorm; nor had we been a minute beneath the ſhelter of a hovel by the road-ſide, when the clouds kept their word with us, and began to pour forth a torrent of rain. It was evening, and my Mamma did not know which way to ſend a carriage after us; ſo that I began to be truly uneaſy, when a gentleman paſſing in a chaiſe perceived our diſtreſs: he immediately ordered his ſervant to ſtop, and, alighting haſtily, obſerved, that though he was a ſtranger, in ſuch an evening and at ſuch an hour no ceremony was to be uſed; ſo taking me by the hand, he conducted me into the chaiſe, and my maid followed me. He then ſhut

the

the door told the poſtillion to make all poſſible haſte to Bath, and to return to him there; and as he took the ſtation we had left, the carriage bore me rapidly away from all poſſibility of making an apology, or, in ſhort, of doing any-thing. Indeed, I had not recovered from my ſurprize when we arrived in town; and Nelly informing the ſervant where to drive, I arrived juſt in time to prevent my Mamma's uneaſineſs from being extreme. When I told her the manner of our getting home, ſhe naturally aſked if I knew the gentleman: I replied in the negative, and the chaiſe had already left the door. She ſaid that this act of politeneſs, and the delicacy with which it was accompanied, deſerved a very particular acknowledgement, and expreſſed her concern at our being in a ſtate of ignorance to whom to make it. Nelly, however, recollected the chaiſe and the ſervant's livery; ſo that, after ſome enquiries, we diſcovered our deliverer from ſtorm and tempeſt to be a Mr. Coſens, nephew of Sir George Coſens, now at Bath. Upon this intelligence, I was ordered to write that gentleman a note of thanks: I felt myſelf rather aukward in the buſineſs; however, it produced a very polite anſwer, and; in the evening, a very reſpectful viſit. He is a modeſt, pleaſing, well-informed young man, without any faſhionable nonſenſe about him. While I was at my tambour, my

my Mamma had a great deal of converſation with him; and, after he was gone, I thought, for it was almoſt dark, that ſhe applied her handkerchief more than once to her face. But ſhe frequently finds ſome ſecret motives for tears, which, as ſhe ſeems to wiſh I ſhould not ſee, I pretend not to obſerve, though they never fail to make me ſhed ſhowers of my own.

Now my dear Caroline, I foreſee all your nonſenſe upon the cloſing part of this letter; and I could, moſt certainly, anticipate what you will write upon the occaſion. You have then at laſt got an anecdote, and I hope you will make a good uſe of it, or you ſhall have no more from your ſincere and indulgent

Maria Delaunois.

To Benjamin Huddleſton, Eſq.

Bath.

Honoured Sir,

AS I ſhall be at home ſo ſoon, I ſhould have kept my account of Bath till then; but as I thought it right to ſend Harry back with the horſes, I have taken the opportunity to accompany them with a few lines. Indeed, I had no uſe for them here, as it is a very bad place for horſes; and

and though it is the faſhion to ride out, yet the hills are ſo high and ſteep, with ſuch ſtony roads, before you get upon any galloping ground, that it is not worth the while riſquing a good horſe for the purpoſe. I went to ſee a college acquaintance, near Briſtol, where Jonathan carried me, and left me for a few days. He keeps fifteen couple of beagles, pretty good ones; but in hunting we came every five hundred yards, at leaſt, to a ſtone wall; and the riding round to open gates is not, you know, Sir, in our ſtile of hunting.

Sir George Coſens has been extremely civil to me indeed; as well as my godmother and Jonathan, who have omitted no act of kindneſs or attention:—but this fidling, and dancing, and public breakfaſting, though very well for an horſe-race in the ſummer, is but an awkward way of paſſing the time during the hunting ſeaſon.—The buildings here are very fine, and I have bought ſome views of them to put into the ſhow-box at home; but as for the waters, which every body drinks, it is a moſt miſerable liquor indeed. I taſted it once, and I had rather go to the troughs in our kennel than be obliged to touch it again.—Mr. Coſens is very much admired by every-boby, and he deſerves it. The girls are all ſetting their caps at him, though he does not pay any particular attention to any of them. I muſt not forget to tell you, that

I danced

I danced twice with a very clever girl, a Miſs Smith, of Staffordſhire: her father keeps a famous pack of harriers, and ſhe has a little beagle for her lap-dog.

Jonathan has promiſed to paſs a fortnight with us at chriſtmas; ſo I muſt deſire you not to part with the whipper-in's old mare, as ſhe's ſteady, and knows her buſineſs. I hope we ſhall blood the young knight at leaſt; and, perhaps, by this time twelve-month, there may be a good kennel at Carlton.—After all, between you and I, he is but a ſly fellow: the rogue carries a fair face upon every-thing; but I heard by chance, that, on his return from carrying me to Briſtol, he found an hare ſitting, and took her off in a ſportſman-like manner. I laughed at him about it, but he turns it into a long ſentimental Story.—I deſire my duty to my mother, not forgetting the vicar, and all kind enquirers after your moſt dutiful ſon,

George Huddleſton.

P. S. all the family deſire their beſt reſpects. Pray tell the huntſman to call Flora's whelp, Lucy; as it is the lady's name I danced with, and I promiſed her to do it.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Friday Morning—

I FEEL it to be an impertinence in me to make a propoſal even of changing the afternoon you did me the honour to command me to bring my violencello to your houſe: but it will, I fear, turn out to be the laſt evening of a friend's viſit, who was ſo good as to accompany me from the country. If I receive no anſwer, I ſhall conſider the engagement to be deferred till the following day, which I ſhall look to with great impatience. You will excuſe, I hope, the liberty I am taking, but I cannot fold up the paper, till I have thanked you for your goodneſs, in ſuffering ſuch an hum-drum as I am to approach ſuch a perfect muſician as yourſelf. I wanted nothing but to hear your performance, to render me a muſical enthuſiaſt.—With my reſpectful compliments to Mrs. D. I have the honour of being your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Jonath an Coſens.

To

To Miſs Delaunois

Chelſea——

HOW I thank you, my dear Maria, for your laſt letter! and ſo much does it delight me, that I ſit down to anſwer it, though I have read it but three times over: I mean the latter part of it, for the two firſt pages I ſhall reſerve for a more ſober humour.——A ſtorm, a poſt-chaiſe, and an elegant young man, are delightful! but you are ſo wiſe, ſo prudent and ſo dutiful, that an adventure, which Fortune ſeems purpoſely to have thrown in your way, may end in a calm. If it had happened to me, it ſhould have concluded with another poſt-chaiſe and another ſtorm. But I ſhall offend your gravity; I muſt, therefore, reſtrain my obſervations upon the ſubject, however preſſing they may be, till it poſſeſſes a more intereſting tenderneſs.

Ah, my dear Maria! do not ſuppoſe that fine form, that lovely face, and all the numerous accompliſhments which grace you, together with manners ſo winning and attractive, can eſcape the ſenſibility of any man who has it, or not inſpire it in the moſt inſenſible boſom.—You tell me that

you could anticipate every word of this letter; pray, were any of the ſix foregoing lines in your prophetic ideas?—I am, alſo, not without the ſpirit of prophecy; and am diſpoſed to think that I can gueſs at your correſpondence for the next twelve months.

How often have I heard my Mamma ſay, who you know, admires you ſo much, that nothing would ever be able to make you commit the ſhadow of an imprudence or impropriety, if love did not, ſome time or other, deceive your judgment!—She is not without her fears for you.—Oh! how it will charm me to give you a little good counſel upon the occaſion!—But do not be mortified: according to the fable, the lion obtained his liberty by the aſſiſtance of a very diminutive animal: you will not therefore diſdain the advice which you may ſoon have occaſion to receive from your ſincere and affectionate

Caroline Barker.

—I cannot, for the life of me, help aſking if he is tall or ſhort? and of what age, and the colour of his hair? how hoes he dance, and will he be rich? and has he any brothers or ſiſters; and where does he live, and all that?—Do anſwer me now, and don't be angry.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Saturday Noon——

IN looking over my muſic this morning, I found a volume of harpſichord ſonatas, that, I recollect to have heard, are uncommonly good. As they are far beyond ſuch a ſcraper as myſelf, will you permit me to aſk a place from them in the drawer of your harpſichord, or upon the deſk of it. But if you ſhould feel it as the leaſt impropriety to receive any-thing from ſo young an acquaintance as I am; do me the favour to let me lend them till you find me worthy of preſenting them to you. I do not know how it is, but methinks I ſhould find a wonderful ſatisfaction in the reflection, when I ſee you no more, that you have ſomething which may occaſionally bring to your remembrance

Your moſt obliged,
Humble Servant,

J. Coſens

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Saturday Afternoon——

I HAVE received the ſonatas, and the polite note which accompanied them. As to the former, I have played the three

firſt, and find them excellent; as to the latter, I can only obſerve and thank you, Sir, for the obliging delicacy of it. In return, you will do me the favour to receive half a dozen violoncello leſſons compoſed by a young man an apprentice to my muſic-maſter in London, and who uſed ſometimes to attend me. He promiſed to excel in his profeſſion; but whether his maſter was jealous of him, and kept his merit from being known, or what other cauſe, I cannot tell, I fear he now remains in obſcurity. The muſic appears to me to be good and in a very elegant taſte; and, if you ſhould be of my opinion, you will perhaps do the young man the kindneſs to recommend his compoſitions among your acquaintance.

Your concluding wiſh, Sir, is very flattering: but though from the ill-health of my Mamma we are retired people, we are I hope, by no means ungrateful: There is no occaſion for us to have any memento to think of thoſe who have been kind and good to us.—My Mamma preſents her beſt reſpects to you; and it is owing to the weakneſs in her hand that I have the honour of writing to you.

I am,

Your moſt humble Servant

Maria Delaunois.

To Dr Lancaſter.

Honoured Sir,

Bath——

YOUR laſt letter has remained without an anſwer much longer than I intended; but it has not been paſſed by a day, without, in a great meaſure, forming the leſſon of it. Beſides, I wiſhed, in ſome degree, to be acquainted with every-thing myſelf, that, whenever I ſhould write, my letter might be intereſting and amuſing to you.

This place, whoſe refinements encreaſe with the limits of it, may be truly called the Republic of Pleaſure. People of every rank and ſituation ſeem to look to it as the idol of their hearts: infirmity and age do not forget it, and the wretch whoſe crutch can ſcarce ſupport him, is not inſenſible to it. Without entering into a detail which would encreaſe my letter into a volume, I ſhall make one general obſervation, that the amuſements of this place, well regulated as they are, do at leaſt as much harm to the mind, as the ſprings do good to the body.

I have a very general acquaintance, but no intimacy with any-one but a Mr. Morgan, the maſter of the free-ſchool, a man

of erudition and amiable manners; but he is ſo engaged in the duties of his profeſſion, that is very ſeldom he can ſpare me an evening. I have introduced him to my uncle, who has done me the kindneſs to ſhew him every mark of reſpect in his power. I very much wiſh that this gentleman was removed from the drudgery of a public ſchool, to the eaſe and leiſure of parochial employment; when his genius would have ſcope to exerciſe itſelf, and his learning be employed, inſtead of teaching boys, in giving inſtruction to mankind.

Your counſels againſt the love of gaming, would have been ſufficient to have guarded me from it; but if you had not favoured me with them, I myſelf have ſeen what makes me tremble at the very idea of play. I was taken by a gentleman, at my own deſire, to one of the private hazard-tables, where I remained for ſome time a terrified ſpectator of the ſcene: the very ſight of the people around it ſtruck me with horror. Inſtead of appearing to be engaged in an amuſement that afforded pleaſure, they had the air and looks of banditi ſharing the ſpoil. Some were fluſhed with malignant triumph, and others were pale with ill-fortune. To this muſt be added the ſurly joy of thoſe who won, and the horrid blaſphemies of thoſe who loſt. Among the reſt there ſat, in a corner of the room, in the ſilence and with the look of deſpair, a young

young man of very genteel appearance: ſometimes he lifted his eyes to Heaven; at other times, a deep ſigh eſcaped him; and once I thought he had a tear upon his cheek. His diſtreſs did not attract the notice of any-one but myſelf; and they who had ruined him, did not beſtow on him a word, or even a look of compaſſion. It was a ſhocking ſpectacle! and I have ſince been told that he was a young man of tolerable fortune, who was on the eve of being married to a moſt amiable young lady, which the gaming table had entirely fruſtrated; and I ſaw him in the firſt moments of reflecting upon the horrors of his ſituation.——But to turn your thoughts from ſo ſad a ſcene, I will tell you ſomething relative to myſelf which will make you ſmile. At a private aſſembly here, I was much preſſed by the lady of the houſe to engage in a party of *low loo*. I endeavoured at firſt politely to excuſe myſelf, but, finding that would not do, I was obliged to plead my real ignorance of the game. The lady would take no refuſal; ſhe herſelf would have the pleaſure of teaching me. My uncle, I ſaw was ſmiling at my ſituation, and I took an opportunity to aſk him in a whiſper how much I might loſe upon the occaſion. He told me two or three guineas, at moſt; whereupon I ſat down by the ſide of my inſtructreſs, and was ſoon initiated into the miſteries of the

table. Fortune however, perhaps to tempt me, threw all the winnings into my lap, to the no ſmall mortification of ſome of the party; while others congratulated themſelves on having fixed me, as they thought, too their little ſociety, and doubted not of having their revenge: but I put an end to their expectations, by giving my winnings to the hoſpital, and telling every body what I had done. This got the laugh on my ſide, and freed me, ever ſince, from the entreaties of card-party dowagers.

Except thoſe whom ill-health forces hither, there is but one ſort of people to whom Bath can be a place of rational and innocent amuſement. Theſe are perſons advanced in life, who being without families, or having loſt them and their friends by death, find, in the varieties of it, which are great, and in a ſmall compaſs, the means of forgetting, or, at leaſt, of ſoftening their loſſes and amuſing their age.

As for the younger people of both ſexes, it is a place of no little danger: and, among other reaſons, I am confirmed in this opinion by the few marriages which take place, or the few connexions which are made here that end in matrimony; though the number of people reſorting here is prodigious, the intercourſe between the ſexes very unreſtrained, and the pains which mothers take to exhibit their daughters

ters to advantage, are only to be equalled by the zeal of the young ladies themſelves to forward the views of Mamma.

I muſt beg leave, before I conclude, to make one remark. which my vanity perhaps, would not ſuffer me to communicate to any-one but yourſelf; which is, that my uncle puts too great a confidence in me: however, by the favour of providence, I have not yet abuſed it, and I hope that I never ſhall in any part of my life.——The time of our return is not yet fixed; I believe it will not be till after Chriſtmas. In the ſpring I purpoſe to pay a viſit to Hiſlip Parſonage, when you will ſee what an effect all this gay ſcene has had upon your moſt affectionate and dutiful.

Jonathan Coſens.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Thurſday Morning, nine o'Clock.

IN my walk, early this morning, I met a peaſant with a baſket of flowers, which perfumed the air as ſhe paſſed. In gratitude for the fragrance they offered me, I beg leave to aſſign them the happy office of adminiſtering their odours to you. I have not promiſed them the ſuperior honour of gracing your boſom, as you ſeldom enter

into

into the gay world, where faſhion might preſcribe that they ſhould be an ornament to one who wants none: however, you will ſuffer them, perhaps, to ſpend their ſhort lives, ſome how or other, in your ſervice. There are ſome China vaſes in your drawing-room, which may be made uſeful by them. However, I beg of you, for their ſakes, when you examine their colours, not to let your eyes glance towards any mirror that may be in the way, as that circumſtance would immediately make the lilly leſs white, and the roſe leſs bluſhing.—But when they begin to fade, conſult your glaſs for a moment, and moraliſe for a minute,—but no longer.

Your moſt obedient,

J. Coſens.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Thurſday Afternoon.

THE China vaſes and myſelf are much beholden to you; the former for their ornaments, and latter for a great heap of beauty and fragrance. I have added, you muſt perceive, another emblem of female fragility; and have already, I fear, treſpaſſed beyond the ſhort moraliſing term which you allow me: however, I have made

made ſome amends, by turning my back upon the looking glaſs, though for a more ſolid reaſon than you aſſign. But, alas! like the pleaſures of the world, of which they are too lively emblems, your flowers brought their mortifications along with them: for you muſt know, Sir, that, by my mother's command, I have been engaged, for ſome days, in making and embroidering a ſmall pocket-book, which ſhe intends to have the honour of preſenting to you: now I had juſt finiſhed it, and vainly thought the flowers which my needle had laboured to form, were done to perfection; when, alas, your beautiful preſent made its appearance, put an end at once to my vain contemplation, and made my flowers die away upon the ſilk! However, if your room ſhould not be ſo gaily adorned as mine, they may appear to ſome little advantage.——Such as it is you are to do my Mamma the honour of accepting it from her; and I ſhall take the liberty to accompany it with another moral obſervation: that altough my poor ſilken flowers cannot equal the beauty of thoſe produced by Nature, that they may excel them in duration.

M. Delaunois.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Thurſday Evening.

ACCEPT, thou charming moraliſt, all the thanks that I can offer for thoſe ſweet morſels of elegant reflection which I have juſt received, and read with little leſs than rapture!—The preſent that accompanied them I ſhall moſt truly value, for the ſake of the hand which preſented, and that which formed it. In the delirium of my pleaſure, I had thought to do it honour by making it a repoſitory for the few Bank bills I have in my poſſeſſion; but a little reflection brought me to my ſenſes and I could have ſcourged myſelf for having thought of profaning your gift with the dirty traſh of the world. It deſerves ſomething better, ſaid I to myſelf; and when I began to conſider to what purpoſe of holy ſentiment I ſhould apply it, nothing appeared worthy to be protected by its covers, but thoſe papers which have been rendered valuable by the ſame hand that made and adorned them.—Happy in the thought, I placed them there; and when I behold the flowers on the outſide covering, which are formed with juſtneſs, arranged in taſte, and true to Nature, I conſider them as pictures

of

of the treaſure they contain, which, in a ſuperior claſs, are equally juſt, elegant and natural.

How is it, and by what happy art, that you give the ſame genuine excellence to every action of your life? ſo that whether you ſpeak or write; whether you deſign with your pencil or your needle; whether you ſing, dance, or play, there appears to be the ſame degree of perfection!—Communicate your magic to a friend; it would be too valuable a gift for the world at large; and like the panacæa of the phyſician, when made public, might fail of its uſual effects: but it would be doing no more than juſtice to a few kindred ſpirits, to bleſs them with the ſecret,—and, if it were not too great a preſumption, I ſhould aſpire to be of the number.

Will you do me the favour to take the commiſſion of my thanks to Mrs. D——, that they may receive a grace which I could not give them; and find a reception which, in my vaineſt moments, I could not expect. —She is too good to me; and I thank her for more than I deſerve. Her preſent ſhall be preſerved with the moſt attentive regard; the natural duration of its colours ſhall be prolonged by my care; and I truſt, when many an year is paſt and gone, ſhould I have the happineſs of meeting you, it will be ſhewn to you, unhurt by uſe, undecayed

by

by time, with all its decorations vivid as at this moment.

I muſt follow your example; indeed I know not where to find a better; and moraliſe in my turn. The flowers of Nature die, but they revive again with freſh beauty; while thoſe of your art laſt, it is true, till their materials decay, but then they are gone for ever.—Alas! I know as yet but little of the world; yet I greatly fear, that conſtancy, though it is always a virtue, may be ſometimes a misfortune.

To Miſs Barker.

Bath——

YOU are a charming girl, Caroline, and I cannot but love you even in the ridiculous flights of your imagination: where the heart is right, and there is good ſenſe at the bottom, youth may be indulged in them for the ſhort time the buffetings of the world will let them laſt.

So, becauſe I was, *par hazard*, in a gentleman's chariot for quarter of an hour, you immediately place me there for life; and when I tell you that Mr. Coſens is heir to a great fortune and a title, you will, as readily, put ſix horſes to the carriage, and make a Lady of me. Now, if you could

wave

wave a wand and give reality to your dreams, it would be ſomething. Nay, what will you think when I tell you that he has viſited us ſeveral times; that he has made me a preſent of ſome muſic, and filled our houſe with flowers; and that I, in return, have given him a copy of Jackſon's Sonatas: but this is not all; my Mamma deſired me to work a pocket-book, which ſhe preſented to him.—Without doubt, you will ſuppoſe that nothing is now to be done but to procure a licenſe, to buy a ring, and to go to church. However, if you amuſe yourſelf, you are welcome to me for a ſubject, though I think you might contrive to do it better and more profitably. An engagement that is to laſt for life, and whereon ſo much depends, ought not to be the affair of a moment; and they who haſtily enter into it, run a very great riſque of being unhappy through the whole courſe of it.—Ah, my dear Caroline, I ſhould be ſorry to think that your nuptials ſhould be deferred to that day when mine are to be celebrated. You would become wonderfully impatient, I believe, and tremble on the verge of maiden age.

To get away, however from a ſilly kind of ſubject, I ſhall make you my *confidante*; but check your haſte, my dear friend, for what I ſhall tell you has little to do with love or lovers. it relates to a reſolution, which

which I have made relative to my conduct in life; a reſolution, which, I truſt, I ſhall never violate, and Heaven is wearied with my prayers to give me ſtrength to preſerve it:—in fact, it is never to marry during the life of my mother, though the firſt and beſt man in the kingdom were to offer me his hand. She has ſacrificed the beſt part of her life to me; and I will return the ſacrifice, if, on my part, it can deſerve that name:—nay, I think it would be a forfeiture of Heaven's mercy, if I were to leave the beſt parent that ever lived, when age and ſickneſs had made her unable to go a ſtep forwards without ſupport.—I never will deprive her of it, and, while ſhe lives, ſhe ſhall receive, without interruption, the attentive duties of her child.

There is alſo another purpoſe of my heart, which, I truſt, will be preſerved as inviolable as the former; which is, if ever Hymen ſhould look favorably upon me, never to approach his alter with any man, unleſs his friends and relations intereſt themſelves in my union with him. My fortune will be a very handſome one, but by no means an object to a man of wealth. You muſt perceive, therefore, that there are ſome difficulties in the way of my entering into matrimonial life, which, I apprehend, you did not ſuſpect; and will not eaſily, and, I may add, I hope not ſoon, be removed.

In

In the frail article of human duty, the ſmalleſt cord, to an honeſt mind, will aid the ſtrength of reſolution; and I flatter myſelf that the declaration I have now made to you, will aſſiſt me in ſupporting thoſe purpoſes which have been religiouſly framed by your moſt faithful

Maria Delaunois.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Monday Morning——

I FEEL myſelf exceeding flattered that you ſhould intereſt yourſelf in any-thing wherein I have the leaſt concern. It is, therefore, with the greateſt pleaſure that I ſend you the views of Carlton Hall. They are taken with accuracy, as I uſed the camera obſcura for the buildings and diſtances: the reſt I truſted to my eye.

Drawing has been a favourite amuſement with me; and I had a moſt excellent maſter to inſtruct me for four years. He had a real genius for his art, which would have raiſed him to very conſiderable eminence; but a large family, and, what is worſe, a love of liquor, kept him in poverty, and in the country, to throw away his talents in painting mayors of towns and farmers wives, and I am ſorry to add, ſigns and ſummer-

houſes

houſes. He was, however, very regular in his attendance upon me; which indeed was occaſioned rather by the virtues of the gentleman's cellar with whom I lived, than a ſenſe of duty, or even a want of money.

From what I have ſeen of your performances, I am certain that you will excel mine in the copies you propoſe to make of them. I only wiſh you would throw a little more freedom into your trees, and your pieces would be perfect. Your maſter was certainly a man of ſkill, and has communicated much of it to you;—though I rather apprehend he wanted taſte. This you can well ſupply; but he was, certainly, very defective in not giving you that free ſtroke which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to eaſe and grace in all kinds of painting, but in none more than in landſcapes, of which trees and foliage are ſo large and ſuch a neceſſary part. In the little copy which you made after the print of a ſtorm, you have imitated the tree ſo minutely as to make it a marble one. In the original it ſeems to bend beneath the tempeſt, while the copy has the appearance of a petrefaction; which ariſes from the labour of making ſo minute a reſemblance. The general idea, outline, and principal branches, muſt be the ſame; but whether a twig riſes higher or ſinks lower than in the original can be of little conſequence. Endeavour to imitate the free ſtrokes of Nature with freedom; and though you may

err at first, habit and practice will enable you to copy in a free manner with almost as much correctness as you now do with the most patient labour.

You perceive in what a liberty I have indulged myself; but it is only in such trifling matters as these that you can receive instructions from me. In the higher branches of thought sentiment, elegance, and virtue, I must endeavour to learn of you.

J. Cosens.

To Jonathan Cosens, Esq.

Tuesday Morning——

I DO assure you, Sir, that, however delicate and flattering your compliments may be, they are far less pleasing than that kindness which gives me counsel and instruction. In all your conversations I have found much of it, and I think the storm a very favourable one which blew me such means of improvement. With respect to your observations, I have always governed by the same rules which seem to have dictated them, in regard to living objects; I mean trees, &c. which, being in a state of continual change from external circumstances, can seldom be copied with an exact precision: but in following a print I thought

houſes. He was, however, very regular in his attendance upon me; which indeed was occaſioned rather by the virtues of the gentleman's cellar with whom I lived, than a ſenſe of duty, or even a want of money.

From what I have ſeen of your performances, I am certain that you will excel mine in the copies you propoſe to make of them. I only wiſh you would throw a little more freedom into your trees, and your pieces would be perfect. Your maſter was certainly a man of ſkill, and has communicated much of it to you;—though I rather apprehend he wanted taſte. This you can well ſupply; but he was, certainly, very defective in not giving you that free ſtroke which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to eaſe and grace in all kinds of painting, but in none more than in landſcapes, of which trees and foliage are ſo large and ſuch a neceſſary part. In the little copy which you made after the print of a ſtorm, you have imitated the tree ſo minutely as to make it a marble one. In the original it ſeems to bend beneath the tempeſt, while the copy has the appearance of a petrefaction; which ariſes from the labour of making ſo minute a reſemblance. The general idea, outline, and principal branches, muſt be the ſame; but whether a twig riſes higher or ſinks lower than in the original can be of little conſequence. Endeavour to imitate the free ſtrokes of Nature with freedom; and though you may

err

err at firſt; habit and practice will enable you to copy in a free manner with almoſt as much correctneſs as you now do with the moſt patient labour.

You perceive in what a liberty I have indulged myſelf; but it is only in ſuch trifling matters as theſe that you can receive inſtructions from me. In the higher branches of thought ſentiment, elegance, and virtue, I muſt endeavour to learn of you.

J. Coſens.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Tueſday Morning——

I DO aſſure you, Sir, that, however delicate and flattering your compliments may be, they are far leſs pleaſing than that kindneſs which gives me counſel and inſtruction. In all your converſations I have found much of it, and I think the ſtorm a very favourable one which blew me ſuch means of improvement. With reſpect to your obſervations, I have always governed by the ſame rules which ſeem to have dictated them, in regard to living objects; I mean trees, &c. which, being in a ſtate of continual change from external circumſtances, can ſeldom be copied with an exact preciſion: but in following a print I thought

thought myſelf juſtified in aiming at the correctneſs of the engraver, who, if he is a ſkilful one, will give the preciſe eaſe and freedom of the picture to the plate. There is a great difference to be made between drawing conſidered as an amuſement, and as a profeſſion, wherein the continual practice of years does not always acquire that conſummate excellence to which you allude.

You certainly knew my inſtructor in this accompliſhment by your ſuſpicions of him: he really had very little taſte, but was very learned in the article of perſpective, to which he directed the whole attention of his ſcholar. His ſon had more genius than himſelf, and I ſtand indebted much more to him than to the old gentleman who during the winter months uſed ſeldom to attend me.

I have already began to trace your drawing of the caſcade; and if you will do me the favour to call ſome morning, that ſhould happen, by chance, to be unemployed, and ſee me work, you will perhaps realiſe your good counſels; as you will then be better able to ſee my defects, and, under your immediate direction, I ſhall be the better qualified to correct them.

M. D——

To Miſs Delaunois.

Friday Noon——

THE commands I had the honour of receiving from you laſt night are already obeyed. By a ſtrange combination of circumſtances, which, I believe, I have never related to you, your humble ſervant is a governor of the hoſpital here, where the poor women, who is ſo happy as to have your recommendation, is by this time carefully depoſited. Her huſband alſo is at eaſe, and has every reaſon to be contented. I related their extraordinary hiſtory this mornining at breakfaſt, and my aunt has deſired to have the credit of protecting them. Theſe poor people cannot be in better hands; and your humane wiſhes for them will be more than ſatisfied.

I do not know how it is, but I never leave your houſe without ſome ſentiments of tenderneſs, ſome maxim of wiſdom, in ſhort, ſome valuable acquiſition, which I had not before. In the little traffic of good offices between us, I am a very conſiderable gainer; and I feel myſelf more obliged to you than I can expreſs for this day's employment. It is a matter of the greateſt aſtoniſhment

ſtoniſhment to me, that the rich and the powerful do not continually exert themſelves in doing good, in relieving diſtreſs, in raiſing modeſt merit, and wiping away the tears from the cheek of miſery; and many of them might really enjoy theſe godlike pleaſures without infringing even upon what may be called ſuperfluous ſatisfactions. I ſuppoſe, as I get onward in the world, my aſtoniſhment will leſſen, and the enigma will be fully explained.

Of the many perſons of rank and fortune who are now at this place, I have not heard of one of them having done a real act of charity; not even from oſtentation, which ſeems to have ſo much to do in the charities of the times. My uncle, indeed, is wholly employed in doing good; but he is ſuch a man, that, if his character were given in writing, it would be thought a fulſome panegyric, even if it were applied to thoſe who are conſidered as the beſt men. of age. But he has, for ſome years, lived in retirement; and though from his fortune and manners he muſt be reſpected wherever he goes, his real worth is little known, but in the country where he dwells. There the eye, that looks upon him, bleſſes him, and every tongue is eloquent in his praiſe. With reſpect to myſelf, I feel a veneration for him which is not to be expreſſed; and a gratitude, which however fervent, is not equal to the paternal, friendly,

friendly, and gracious acts which call it forth. My aunt, though a different character, is equal in worth to her brother, and my obligations to them both are the ſame.

I have now taken the liberty of introducing my family to you: indeed, there is another perſon belonging to it whom I had forgot; and though I cannot ſay much in his behalf, if you were to read his heart, you would find ſome tints of regard, gratitude and admiration, which you might claim as your own. Believe me, Miſs Delaunois, however diſtant I may be removed from you, I ſhall never ceaſe to remember you with real pleaſure; and wherever I am, if I can do you any good, or perform you any ſervice, and you ſhould not employ me, you will be guilty of a great injuſtice both to me and to yourſelf; for there is no one who is, with a more real zeal, your moſt faithful friend and humble ſervant.

J. Coſens.

To Jonathan Coſens, Eſq.

Friday Afternoon——

THE pleaſure you have afforded me can only be equalled by the honour

yon have done yourſelf. The ſtory of the poor people was ſingularly affecting, and I had determined to pay them a viſit myſelf this afternoon, if my feeble powers of relief had not been ſo nobly ſuperſeded by yours.

The introduction of me to your family, in the manner you have done it, very much obliges and flatters me. The third perſon in it, whom you ſo ſlightly paſs over, I have the honour of knowing; and I muſt inform you, ſince you do not ſeem reſolved to do him juſtice, that he promiſes to equal in every great and good qality the moſt illuſtrious of his anceſtors. You are pleaſed to make in his name the moſt obliging offers of ſervice and eſteem:—I am grateful for them, and muſt deſire you to aſſure him, that I have ſo firm a confidence in the integrity of every thing he ſays and does, that I ſhould not heſitate, for a moment, in any of the exigencies of life, to reſt upon his friendſhip.

Perhaps, Sir, I may be delivering myſelf with a freedom which the forms and manners of a perverſe world would condemn; but when a mother approves what I write, and my heart confirms the purity and uprightneſs of my ſentiments, I am much at reſt upon the occaſion.—There are circumſtances and ſituations that juſtify communications which they who mingle much in the world could not adopt without danger,

and

and would never do it but from motives very different from mine.——I truſt, I do not deceive myſelf: there are men whoſe ſpirits are of a ſuperior mould; who have no jaundice in their eye, nor low ſuſpicion in their heart; and I believe Sir, that you are one of them.

M. D——

To Miſs Delaunois.

Thurſday Morning.

I Underſtand you: it is a bad world wherein actions of kindneſs may be conſidered as crimes, and the deeds of virtue not permitted to have the motives of it. But you retire from the world, and therefore are not to be reſtrained by thoſe laws which would never have been made, if every heart had been pure as yours.

One line of your laſt letter made me tremble; and I laid it down, unable to read any further. I was ſeized with apprehenſions that the courſe of this delightful correſpondence would be ſtopped; however on re-examining the expreſſions, my deſpair began to yield, and I read on to the end, when I thanked you on my knees for confirming to me a privilege which I think a bleſſed one. Indeed, I

ſhould be concerned more than I can expreſs, if it were to end here; and I hope you will let it accompany me to Carlton Hall, or wherever I may be. This will not only be giving me a great pleaſure, but doing me a moſt eſſential ſervice; as I am never employed in it but I find every noble and delightful feeling of my nature called forth, while the weakneſſes and many frailties of it, the moment I begin to addreſs myſelf to you, like ghoſts at the firſt ray of morning, retire to ſilence and darkneſs.

I am ſure that your benevolence and love of virtue will not ſuffer me to be deprived of a taliſman which will protect me from the bad part of myſelf: in ſhort, you will not ſnatch from me the privilege of poſſeſſing, at all times, the means of enjoying a certain virtuous and enobling ſatisfaction. It is a duty; and I ſhould be mortified to the extreme, if the only one you have ever left unfulfilled ſhould relate to your moſt faithful, humble ſervant.

Jonathan Coſens.

To Miſs Delaunois.

Monday Morning, 5 o'Clock.

I Prolong my departure for a few minutes, to write you an adieu:—and wherefore is it that I feel an oppreſſion on my ſpirits as my pen traces the unpleaſing word.—For theſe three days paſt, I have been meditating how I could excuſe myſelf from the viſit I am going to pay; but that could not be done, and I muſt exchange ſuch a pleaſure as I find in your converſation, for the loud mirth of a ſporting 'ſquire, and the rude gambols of Chriſtmas Hoſpitality. Will your tenderneſs forgive me if I join in the cries of hounds and huntſmen, to chace the timorous hare from her covert, and drive her to deſtruction? And this muſt be one of my principal employments where I am going:—but I carry a comfort with me in the hopes of hearing from you;—though, after all, ween I look through the glaſs of my chaiſe to take a parting glance of the place I leave, a deep ſigh will eſcape me,

as a ſcore of them have done already. However, I ought not to complain, but to be grateful to Heaven for having conducted me to ſo much excellence as yourſelf, though I ſhould never ſee you again.—Alas, I muſt once more write Adieu!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.